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England Arise and the Internationale

JUST 50 years ago the Parliamentary Labour Party was formed with a clear idea of its goal and methods. Its structure was the result of a trade union decision to create, in alliance with the I.L.P., a party which would penetrate the capitalist structure of Britain. It believed, under Webbian guidance, in "the inevitability of gradualness." To many men and women of those days it was indeed a revolutionary idea to emancipate the workers from their trust in the Liberal Party and to build for them and their families a party of their own which would one day capture power by the ballot and create a new Britain. *England Arise* and *The Red Flag* were their songs; the brotherhood of man was the inspiring slogan of men and women who clearly foresaw the Welfare State but could not then think out the fraternal implications of the *Internationale*. From 1906 to this week's Labour Party celebrations in London, this conception has not essentially changed.

In the winter of 1905-6 another revolution took place. The abortive rising in Moscow confirmed Lenin in his faith that the only way to emancipate the workers from feudalism in Tzarist Russia was to create a disciplined, monolithic, revolutionary party. The revolution he conceived was on a world scale: it was to be accomplished by any and every means, and it assumed at some stage a war begun by the capitalists against a Socialist world. This conception also has not basically changed since 1906.

The Labour Party has carried out much of its limited programme. From the small beginnings with a few I.L.P. and trade union representatives, it grew into a party which after the first World War was twice able to form minority governments and which in 1945 laid the foundations of a Welfare State. It redistributed the income, but did not touch the ownership of property; it did not destroy capitalism but renovated it.

In 1955 the Labour Party chose a leader who believed with candour and clarity in the traditional, parochial British Socialism. In so far as the party is divided, it is because many of the rank and file have not forgotten that they have also sung the *Internationale*. They realise, without perhaps clearly analysing the reasons, that Socialism—even a Welfare State—cannot triumph, or for that matter survive, in a privileged, isolated position now that nationalist revolutions in colonial territories have begun to undermine the economic structure on which Britain's standards of life have so long depended.

This week the 20th Congress of the Communist Party meets in Moscow. Russian Socialism has also had to face a crisis. Stalin's obsession with the creation of Soviet power at any cost undermined the influence of Communists abroad and was leading Russia to meet America on the brink of a World War which, in the period of H-bombs, threatened mutual suicide. But the power that Stalin built at terrific cost has enabled his successors to compete with western states in material, and not only in ideological, terms. They now threaten the West with an industrial production comparable with that of the U.S., a formidable technology and a living standard for the Soviet farmworker little less than that of his west European counterpart. They are also able to offer the new nationalist forces of Asia and Africa constructive aid more attractive than the West has so far provided. In spite of large-scale aid under the auspices of the U.N., western nations have been inhibited in their offers of help by capitalism's traditional criteria of profitability. Economic realism forbids aid outside the framework of the world market.

The Labour Movement has only recently become aware of this new capitalist contradiction. It is rightly proud of the good start it made in India and it genuinely desires colonial emancipation. But, if it is to go forward to its next phase, it must become the champion of those millions of industry-hungry colonial peoples who demand equality to-day just as British workers did in 1906.

PRINTING DISPUTE

Emergency Issue

The printing dispute which has been abbreviating and delaying periodicals for the last four weeks has reached its climax this week. As a periodical printed in London, we are fortunate this week-end in being able to appear at all in print, even though in this attenuated emergency form. No one can prophesy how long this unhappy dispute will last.

The interim period before a settlement is reached must in the nature of things involve great uncertainty for all periodicals. Direct postal subscribers to this journal will be kept informed by this office. The majority of readers habitually buy their copies from a retailer; they are asked to make inquiries from their newsagents. Announcements will also appear in the daily press.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Rome

"Direct Action" on the Land

Our Rome Correspondent writes: The PCI has started off the pre-electoral period (administrative elections are in June) with an anti-reformist switch in its agricultural policy. For many years now, the progressive forces in Italy have campaigned, above all, for the "Just Cause" (*Giusta Causa*) law. This law, which has never reached fruition, was originally elaborated by Signor Segni, the present Prime Minister, and gives assurance to a shareholder (*mezzadro*) that he cannot be evicted from the land by the proprietor without a "just cause." Another law, for which the left has hitherto pressed, would guarantee the land-labourer (*bracciante*) at least one year's work at a stretch. These two proposed laws have in the past met with violent opposition from the Liberal Party. Now that Signor Segni is Prime Minister the "just cause" law appears to have been buried again, and there is talk of another law which would allow the landowner to evict the *mezzadro*, just cause or no just cause, after a certain period of time, to be fixed by the law.

Up to the present the PCI's agricultural policy had consisted of pressing for these two laws: in other words it had been purely reformist. The new secretary of the Central Commission for Agriculture of the PCI, Emilio Sereni, has now, however, announced that the PCI will develop a struggle in the Italian countryside with the aim of "giving the land to those who work it." Christian Democrat policy is to help the landless peasants buy a small piece of land by borrowing money, to be paid back during a period of years. The PCI now says that the peasants must have the land without paying for it, and the preference of the Communists, not unnaturally, is not that the land should be parcelled out among the peasants but that land co-operatives should be set up. Sereni's policy envisages a campaign for a "general land reform." The struggle for the "just cause" law will be a necessary stage in this, but objectives will be much more radical: a guarantee of three years' continuous work to labourers, and of 60 per cent. of produce to shareholders. Nenni, who is contemplating entering the Segni Government, may be chary of such extremism; but the PCI seems determined to go ahead with or without him. The last important land struggle in Italy took place in 1946-9 in the south. The battle this time will be centred in Emilia, Tuscany and the Po Valley, where the Communists are at their strongest, and where they consider conditions are ripe for action.

Tokyo

How Long a Spoon?

A Correspondent writes: A year ago the adjective "dualistic" as applied to the foreign policy propounded by Mr. Hatoyama meant that the Washington-Tokyo axis was to be balanced by an approach to normal diplomatic relations with Russia. Today, now that the conservative merger has strengthened the opposition to Hatoyama within his own party, "dualistic" as a term of abuse is used by the Socialists to refer to the divided direction, rather than to the objects, of policy in the Russian negotiations. Who, they ask, is really in charge? Mr. Matsumoto returned to London early this year with instructions which ruled out the possibility of an "Adenauer solution." A satisfactory settlement of Japan's territorial claims in a formal peace treaty must precede the establishment of diplomatic relations. Since there was nothing in the earlier course of the negotiations to suggest that Russia would give up the Southern Kuriles for the propaganda value of a display of generosity and for the privilege of establishing a full-scale embassy in Tokyo, this amounted to an acceptance of the present stalemate for an indefinite period. This prospect was satisfactory to the Japanese foreign office and to the majority within the Liberal-Democratic Party. But it had only the unwilling consent of Hatoyama, who wishes to complete his rapidly closing career by fulfilling his election promises and "bringing the boys home" from Siberia. Whether Hatoyama's hint at a recent press conference that Japan might, after all, be prepared to shelve the territorial issue was calculated kite-flying or another manifestation of his appalling habit of thinking aloud remains uncertain. The "indiscretion" was immediately disowned the next day. But it is possible that the sudden death of Ogata, Hatoyama's principal opponent within the Liberal-Democratic party, may somewhat increase the chances of the Hatoyama-Kono faction carrying the party with them.

The most interesting suggestion to appear in the press recently is that the territorial issue should be solved by an agreement to reopen negotiations on the future of the Southern Kuriles and Southern Sakhalin when America returns the Okinawas to Japan. A solution which thus neatly shifted the onus of responsibility for Japan's territorial confinement would almost certainly be acceptable to the Russians and, from the domestic point of view which most concerns Hatoyama, would be preferable to a final renunciation of sovereignty. It would, moreover, enhance the value of such a treaty as a gesture of independence of America. But Hatoyama's limited powers of withstanding pressure from Washington makes it, for that very reason, all the more unlikely.

City Lights

Waiting for the Budget

When City journalists are furtively hunting in Roget for variations on dullness, when weekly magazines—those with a reputation to preserve—are running out of shares to tip and even daily columns are finding themselves short of all but manufactured news, the economy is probably doing very well. The gilt-edged market closed last week with 3½ per cent. War Loan at its lowest level ever. The Bank of England had found it wise to follow the qualified success of the tiny Huddersfield loan with the announcement, two days later, of a £4¼m. issue of Kenya stock; with the Huddersfield issue standing at a discount in the market, its successor had clearly to be made more attractive. This new 5 per cent. stock, with a life of 22-26 years, is in fact being issued at a price of 96, to give a flat yield of £5 4s. 2d; the last colonial issue, from Rhodesia and Nyasaland, was announced also with a 5 per cent. coupon only three months ago at a price of 99½.

This unrelenting flow of new issues, even though for comparatively small amounts, is making a dull market duller still, since investors are naturally inclined to wait and see how far borrowers will go to tempt them. The same thing is happening too in Industrial markets, where recourse to rights issues now seems to depress shareholders even more than directors.

The background news, when it exists, is uninteresting. The Chancellor has gone on talking about the need for further measures without giving any hint of what they are to be, has exhorted trade unions to abandon their outmoded restrictive practices while refusing to inquire into the restrictive practices of the shipbuilding unions, and has definitely disclaimed the wish to introduce liquidity ratios legally binding on the banks. This last point might seem to hold out hope of an early revival in the short-dated end of the gilt-edged market, were it not that the banks, with Mr. Macmillan "watching the working of their practice," are likely to keep ratios fairly high of their own accord.

For the rest, Wall Street is still nervous about the next President and the soft spots in the U.S. economy, while the chairman of Barclays Bank has scented a change in the economic weather. The credit squeeze is apparently going on, even if it is not to be further intensified, but there are very few signs of any major private investment programmes being postponed. It has been interesting to hear the chairman of Woolworths writing down the company's gilt-edged investment portfolio by £¼m. while hoping that the bonds will in fact be held to maturity; how many companies with heavy investment programmes will be able to do the same? It has been interesting too to hear the chairman of Lancashire Steel, comfortably surveying others' shipwreck from the shore, assuring shareholders that their company's investment programme can be financed (cheaply?) from internal resources.

Sterling, too, has not been behaving too well. What should normally have been the beginning of a good season has so far proved disappointing, and the £ might well be lower without a modicum of support from the Exchange Control. It is relevant to point out that the Australian reserve had done no more than hold steady over the past couple of months, and that the dock strike there may even make further controls necessary, while New Zealand has just had to give its dear money policy a further screw; it is certainly as well that Malaya has opted to remain inside the Sterling Area. Against the European currencies, the £ has weakened slightly, partly because Sterling Area earnings have not offset the continuing British deficit, partly because European merchants, hearing the Chancellor talk about further measures to combat inflation, have concluded that inflation still needs combating.

The Imperial Tobacco Company of (Great Britain and Ireland) makes almost all the popular brands of cigarettes—it includes Players, Wills and Churchman, besides a number of smaller fry—and is responsible for much the greater part of cigarette sales in this country. Since better supplies of dollar tobacco made it possible to stop rationing the popular brands at the beginning of last year, competition in the cigarette trade has become fierce. The smaller companies have bought up their smaller competitors, introduced new brands, packaged them more prettily and advertised them more heavily. But Ardath has already reported lower profits, Carreras has been forced to cut its dividend in half, and it is still uncertain how successful the furious Godfrey Phillips' campaign will be. Only Gallaher, with Senior Service, has been able to stand up to the big guns of Imperial Tobacco—and its shares, in which Imps has long been supposed to have a considerable direct interest, are now rumoured to be the target of the Imps pension fund.

Imperial Tobacco's profit, at any rate, rose by £1.14m. last year, or about 4 per cent. Some of this will have come from its investment in other companies, some from its paper-making subsidiaries, which have no doubt sold profitably to competitive cigarette manufacturers. Last year in spite of larger sales, the home tobacco trade may have been little more profitable though with the company's position becoming steadily more monopolistic and an increase in selling prices to offset higher costs, profits should continue to grow slowly. Most investors are more interested in the 7 per cent. yield on the shares than in the hope of early capital appreciation.

TAURUS

The Next Stage in Malaya

LESS than two months ago the Chief Ministers of Malaya and Singapore met with the Malayan Communist leader, Chin Peng, to discuss the ending of the civil war. Chin Peng on that occasion assured the ministers that he would call off his campaign as soon as an elected Malayan government had obtained "complete control of internal security and local armed forces". This week, Tunku Abdel Rahman, the Chief Minister of the Federation, goes home from London with an agreement which gives him exactly that. Next year Malaya becomes self-governing; and in the interim period, control is to be progressively handed over to Malayan ministers. The Tunku can reasonably claim that Chin Peng's stipulation has been met; and he has already indicated his intention of inviting the Communist leader to discuss with him once more the means of ending the emergency.

It is, of course, by no means certain that Chin Peng is now disposed to keep his promise—or, even if he is, that he is able to control all his followers. But, for all the difficulties which lie ahead, there can be no doubt that the London agreement is the biggest step which has yet been taken towards ending the Malayan emergency. Once Malaya gets effective self-government, there can be no further legitimate excuse for the Malayan Communist Party to sustain the guerilla war, which from now on will become increasingly a war against the people of Malaya.

Will the form of self-government devised at the London conference prove effective; and—more important—will it seem so to the people of Malaya, Chinese as well as Malays? That depends on how the Tunku and his fellow ministers tackle their problems between now and the day of independence. In seeking to process the raw material of last week's agreement into the working machinery of independent and democratic government, they have to face difficulties on three separate fronts. The first group concerns the techniques of constitution making and the practical problems of hammering out the somewhat complicated relations which the agreement envisages between the Malayan government and the representatives of the U.K., especially in the fields of defence and finance. The second vital problem is how to win over the loyalty of the Chinese community to the idea of Malayan nationality and citizenship; and the third is the formulation of practical programmes of development and social services, which must be sufficiently imaginative to substitute a more positive political stimulus for what should be the dying bogy of colonialism.

These problems will certainly not be solved without moments of friction and misunderstanding. All one can say at this stage is that the Tunku has gained in words all the essentials of internal self-government and that there will be no disposition in responsible quarters in London to take back what has been given. It is to be hoped that Malayan ministers can also count on good sense from Britons living and working in the Federation. As recently as last week, Mr. David Marshall speaking in Singapore, where the problems are comparable if not the same, complained that Colonel Blimp (who no longer lived in London) had come to reside in Singapore. As far as Malaya is concerned it is no doubt true the English community will for a long time hanker for the past; the important thing is that it should also realise that a genuinely independent Malaya is the only alternative to Communism.

And this leads to the heart of the problem which confronts both the Tunku and the Colonial Office. The Tunku needs both the goodwill of Britain and a lot of practical help. At the same time he must convince the people of Malaya that his independence is genuine. And he must set in hand social and economic policies sufficiently attractive to make them feel that self-government under the Alliance Party is to be preferred to the rule of the Communists. Moreover these tasks may well have to be tackled while the emergency continues. All this will call for considerable courage and ingenuity from Malayan ministers: it will also make heavy demands on British tolerance and wisdom. Some of the elaborate provisions of the London agreement may not work out in practice. It is very possible that the government of Malaya will have to adopt new policies towards British firms in the Federation—higher taxes for example or restrictions on the export of profits. It is more than likely that the Tunku's approach to a settlement with Chin Peng will meet with the disapproval of British officials; and it will be surprising if internal self-government—as opposed to the full self-determination of other South-east Asian countries—will continue indefinitely to satisfy the political aspirations of Malayans.

It will be fatal, however, if Malayan ministers now get bogged down in constitutional arguments or in squabbles with Britain about the niceties of financial and military control. The broad fact is that in the long run there is no alternative to Communism in Malaya except complete independence. A good deal has to be done before that state of affairs can become an immediate policy; but if we wish to persuade the Malayan people to throw in their lot with the western world, we must press on with independence, regardless both of protocol and of local vested interests, just as fast as the situation permits. From Chin Peng's point of view the same considerations hold good. It is clear that he is under some pressure from

"Oh no, not that! *We surrender!"*

both Moscow and Peking to end the war; but it is not certain that he will do so until the progress of an independent Malayan government, and a sense of nationhood among all races in Malaya, make the prospect of further fighting seem to his own followers useless and unjustifiable. The mass following of the Malayan Communist Party has never been an indication that the peasants of Malaya are all indoctrinated with the teachings of Marx and Engels. It has come about because a dangerously large number of them have believed that freedom and economic progress could not be achieved under the British and because most of the Chinese community has hitherto been too mistrustful of the Malay majority to co-operate in a joint struggle for independence. Only when these two fears have been removed will the basis of the emergency cease to exist. And only then can the wealth and labour of the Malayan people be used for their own enrichment.

London Diary

No! The reference to Donald Maclean on the front page of this journal last week did not reveal the existence of a private wire between the Kremlin and Great Turnstile. Some newspapers on the Continent and some inquirers here have been much impressed with the coincidence. In fact, from the moment that Soviet policy changed after Stalin's death I have thought it likely that Moscow would find use for the special knowledge and drafting experience of Burgess and Maclean, and the psychological acumen of Bulganin's second letter to Eisenhower seemed an example of the kind of job that Maclean might be doing for the Communists. I should not suppose that the Russian high-ups, who regard every foreigner as an actual or potential spy, have ever consulted either Burgess or Maclean on any big issue of policy, but I do suggest that they would be fools not to use their experience when it comes to letter-writing.

* * *

The sudden collapse of the government's tough line about capital punishment reflects one of the most remarkable campaigning victories that I've ever seen. The organisers of the National Campaign for the Abolition of Capital Punishment have shown unmistakably that the demand for abolition is not now coming merely from a stage army of the good. It represents a new feeling in the House of Commons and in the country. A week ago, so far as anyone knew, the only recommendation of the Gowers Report that had found official favour was that notices of execution should no longer be posted on prison gates! Every important proposal had been rejected—not vaguely and collectively, but specifically, one by one, in answer to parliamentary questions. And here, suddenly, was the government urging not only that we should abolish the doctrine of "constructive malice" and extend the meaning of "provocation" to words as well as deeds (both Gowers recommendations), but also that English law should admit the defence of "diminished responsibility", long allowed in Scotland, but actually rejected by the Gowers Commission. These, significantly, were the recommendations of the pamphlet, *Murder*, recently put out by the Inns of Court Conservative and Unionist Association. This climb-down by the Home Office would still leave a situation in which Ruth Ellis and possibly Bentley would be hanged. But looked at as the maximum that the government feels it must concede, they show that recent public opinion polls have severely shaken Mr. Lloyd George's belief that there was no change of opinion in the country.

* * *

All this, of course, is not enough. I can just about conceive that the government might get its own proposals through the House of Lords, regardless of the Commons vote: it's too easy to forget that "the House of Lords" usually means an assembly of twenty or thirty regular attenders, and that the greater mass of rusticating yes-men is unlikely to turn out in order to vote against the government. But what has to be got through the Lords is either total abolition, which would be my choice, or an experimental five-year suspension, which I think carries the grave danger that any upward movement during the five years, customary and insignificant as it might be, would be hailed by the pro-hangers as proof that the experiment had failed and would put the clock back fifty years. Still, when it comes to the trial of strength with the Lords, the Commons this time will be in a much stronger position than in 1948, when a pitched battle under Parliament Act rules would have imperilled the whole of the immensely valuable Criminal Justice Bill; and when, anyway, the Labour Government was still half-hearted about the whole question. The abolitionists still have a long way to go, but they have had a heartening and exciting week.

* * *

I have brooded much on the case of a senior English mistress who "corrected" a girl for not pronouncing the "h" in heiress. The example is quoted from an article called "Modern Dotheboys Halls" in the February issue of the *Journal of Education* (now a much improved and very readable monthly). It is by no means the worst, though perhaps the most amusing, example of English as she is taught, apparently, in quite a number of independent schools in this country today. The author of the article is a graduate teacher who, because she was tied to her home, took jobs in five independent schools within seven miles of each other. She does not allege that the children are cruelly treated: she has met no replicas of Mr. or Mrs. Squeers. She does, however, say that at least one of these schools the children are grossly neglected and exploited. In one case, at least, it is impossible to doubt that the reason is that, as at Dotheboys Hall, the children are there because the parents don't want to be reminded of them. One of the five schools is clearly an excellent institution where the children have a good time as well as being successfully prepared for Common Entrance and grammar school examinations. Two of the others feed the children badly and hardly teach them anything.

* * *

"Teach the children anything you like as long as you keep them quiet" was the headmistress's actual instruction at one of these schools. The "winder spells window go and clean it" principle seems well established at this school where "there is an acute shortage of all school equipment, ranging from chalk to chairs. The boarders have to do their own washing and help with the work, and those who are willing to wash up are sometimes allowed a little supper. The last term I was at this school, all the cooking was done by an inexperienced boy of fifteen who for his pains was kept and permitted to join in games of cricket or football." The examples of English composition cited from this school do indeed come up to the "winder" standard, and certainly justify the author in recalling Dickens' bitter taunt in the preface of *Nicholas Nickelby* about the monstrous neglect of education in England. The relevance of this, as the editor of the *Journal of Education* comments, is that out of a grand total of some 5,000 independent schools with an enrolment of about half a million children, only rather less than 30 per cent. have applied and been admitted to the register as "efficient," even though the Part III of the Act of 1944 suggested that all independent schools should be open to public inspection at all reasonable times." Today after thirteen years of neglect the remaining 70 per cent. are being given a further six months in which to register. I suppose the defence of this monstrous neglect would be that the British believe in freedom!

* * *

All right! All right! Manotti's music is not comparable with Mozart's or Verdi's: the plot of the *Consul* is weak: the last Act has to be padded out with an unconvincing dream sequence: instead of unfolding and deepening, the story falls abruptly after the second Act. I grant all that. But it remains true that the audience is intensely moved by the new production of the *Consul* at Sadler's Wells. One reason is that Dennis Arundell has atoned for boring passages in the music by encouraging the singers to *act* far better than operatic artists usually do. Anna Pollak, for instance, gives a memorable performance both as actress and singer in the role of the hard-boiled secretary who tries, finally unsuccessfully, to treat every applicant for a visa as a case and a number and not as a human being. The outburst of applause which follows Amy Shuard's frenzied protest, which is the climax of the opera, is truly remarkable; it is a spontaneous, uncontrollable expression of emotion from an audience which is trained not to interrupt music or spoil a performance by flattering the artists in the middle of it. We came away, it seemed to me, not perhaps purged in the Aristotelian sense, but moved almost to heartbreak by an indictment of a world in which to man's usual inhumanity to man it now added the special horror of totalitarian state's inhumanity to uninfluential people.

CRITIC

Bottoms Up to Japhet

Now Strijdom's sjambok falls once more,
  Scourging the skins of darker pigment,
Doctors of Calvinistic lore
  (Which leaves the Gospel but a figment)
Can prove the sons of Ham and Shem
  Are bound by ordinance prophetic,
For we have lordship over them,
  Being impeccably Japhetic.
So let us now devoutly toast
  Hawkins, that great Elizabethan,
Who civilised the Guinea Coast
  By making helots of the heathen;
And let us drink to all who strive
  That Black and White shall never mix on
Those Seats of Learning kept alive
  (Somehow) below the Mason-Dixon.
Drink next to Rousseau and Voltaire
  And France's civilising mission;
She always had, beyond her share,
  Humanitarian ambition.
The Arabs kick against the pricks—
  Even the Premier is flinching;
But Settlers answer him with bricks
  And threaten a Japhetic lynching.
So drain the bumper to the dregs,
  Unroll this glorious panorama:
Students with stones and rotten eggs
  (The Chivalry of Alabama),
The *Mission Civilisatrice,*
  Colonial *Herrenvolk* and Sadists—
Pillars of Culture and of Peace—
  The Ku Klux Klan and the Poujadists!

REGINALD REYNOLDS

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

When he read the oath he had one hand in his pocket. Sir Leonard Costello, chairman of the bench, told him: "You would not have your hand in your pocket when talking to your commanding officer. Remember you are supposed to be addressing the Almighty."—Exeter *Express & Echo*. (Harry Wilson.)

Greeting cards—all kinds—have become big business. Every occasion, it seems, can now be marked by a greeting. One even bears wishes "From my budgerigar to yours."—*News Chronicle*. (G. W. Goddard.)

The hunt involved was the Norwich Staghounds. Lt. Col. Brian Gooch, joint master, said last night that the stag was one of those bred for the sport and was returned to its paddock unharmed. "No stag is ever hunted more than three times in a single season. The hound caught on the railings was unhurt. I would have no part in anything involving cruelty to animals."—*Daily Telegraph*. (J. E. Smyth.)

Several people have said that to enjoy the B.B.C. programmes one has had to be "super-educated." —*Commercial T.V. News*. (H. Lambert.)

Now I have a pair of pink, size two bootees, planted with miniature cacti. They look lovely, and are a reminder of our little girl's first steps.—Letter in *Woman*. (Claudia Tannest.)

He used to find fault with the way she managed the house, and "I am satisfied," said the Commissioner, "that during quarrels her husband hit her and bruised her.

"She was not very strong. If he wanted a wife he could comfortably punch, he should have gone to the country districts and found one."—*Daily Mail*. (F. Krusin.)

Why use mink for the *inside* of a coat. "It's not wasted. I think it is much more chic to wear it where it can't be seen," says Mrs. Ward.—*Sunday Express*. (Màiri M. Howie.)

Johnson & Co.

Sherlock Holmes once boasted, reasonably enough, that from a drop of water he could have deduced the Atlantic Ocean. I wonder how much he would have deduced from a cricket ball. He might have have deduced Test Matches, for he was a reasoning machine who followed facts to their conclusion; but I do not think that his brain would have fully grasped cricket, despite the knowledge and feeling of his creator. One of the delights about cricket is the ease with which it creates images but, except within the controlled orbit of his experience, Mr. Holmes distrusted imagination; and so he would have been far behind the slow-moving Lestrade in understanding that the sound of bat on ball can transport grown men to childhood as quickly as in the first World War the sound of a church bell transported British soldiers from France to their villages at home. That the mere announcement of the names of the Australians who will tour England in three months time could make a pallied sun grow warm and take the bite from an east wind he would dismiss as an aberration of Mr. Atheney Jones; and the terrible thing is that he might be right.

I remember no time when I did not love cricket. But when the other day, I met three Yorkshiremen in succession who not merely did not know that Len Hutton had retired but who, when the facts were revealed, did not regard it as a serious matter, I began to wonder if it was the writing of Neville Cardus, and not cricket, that I really loved. Cardus—and the best of his successors, A. A. Thompson—let their imaginations flap idly in cricket breezes and then so transform what they gather that full-blooded characters emerge from what, after all, may have been rather dull young men and that bread-and-butter, up-to-date cities like Bradford appear to believe that E II R on the pillar boxes somehow commemorates the feats of Emmott Robinson. Further I have found that those who most often talk cricket, or at least who use cricket terms most frequently are those who seldom play the game and do not recognise its spirit when they do. "Playing with a straight bat" is a phrase more often on the lips of crooked politicians than it is on those of real cricketers. Men who are good at the game and play it regularly seem, in the winter at any rate, to be rather bored with it and prefer to talk of something else.

So it may be that the excitement I now think I feel about the still distant summer and its touring Australians is spurious and exists in my imagination only because I have been mesmerised by Cardus. If so, I have even more to thank Cardus for than I thought. No sober, unstimulated observer could be excited by the team which the Australian selectors have decided to send us. Obviously, the selectors have been thinking not of cricket but of Test Matches which often are different things. Why else, to begin with, should they choose the sound, workmanlike Johnson as captain, instead of Keith Miller, the Prince Rupert of all cricketers? Johnson is unlikely either to win or to lose matches by his captaincy whereas the only generalisation one could make about Miller's captaincy is that it always adds to what is supposed to be one of cricket's glories—uncertainty. If the Australian side were overwhelmingly better than the prospective English side, I would choose Johnson as captain. But if the odds were, as I think they are, on England, I would choose Miller; for though his follies, when they appear, can turn defeat into rout, his dash and flair, when *they* appear, can snatch unexpected and wholly convincing victory. Apart from the captaincy, why have the selectors left the gracefully fluent Favell at home and brought instead those diggers for victory, Messrs. Rutherford, Burke, Mackay and McDonald, unless they are committing themselves from the beginning to tedious attrition, the only form of cricket which is guaranteed to keep old men firmly in their chimney corners? And yet the images still begin to glow before my mind's eye.

There is the image of Neil Harvey, brilliant fieldsman and lovely left-handed bat, the portentous youth of 1948 who in 1952 dropped below expectation but who, this year, could make himself as memorable as Macartney . . . there is Ian Craig who might have sunk beneath his 1952 failures but who, with modest determination and perfect technique, has risen with his years . . . there is Ray Lindwall, old, now, for a fast bowler and with arm somewhat lowered but with an action which is still lithe and an eagerness to get at batsmen which makes him bound on to a field where others merely stroll . . .

There are English images . . . of an attack which may be the best that has ever played for us, with Tyson and Statham for the first assault and Appleyard, Lock, Close, Laker and Wardle to choose from later on . . . of the effervescent Evans behind the stumps . . . of the impeccable May and the beefeating Cowdrey at the wicket, backed by—but there, with Hutton gone and Compton doubtful, the images give way to vague dreams of some new Hobbs or Hammond or even a Sutcliffe, rising from the desert air.

There are images, too, which are both Australian and English . . . of Miller, first of all, the world's greatest all-rounder, who plays his cricket not only with the 21 other players but with the 30,000 spectators as well, who puts fire even into the act of spreading sawdust, who always fights, yet always seems to be gay, as he flings back his hair with a sudden jerk of the head . . . and second there is Freddie Trueman, who loves cricket and also himself, but who hates batsmen, who bowls perhaps faster than anyone, yet seems to reach the bat with his glare and his bushy black eyebrows almost as quickly as he reaches it with the ball . . . these two are the genuine street-corner cricketers, bawling for us from the gate to come out and play, touching everything they do with the magic of enthusiasm and personality.

But above all are the other images . . . of Monday morning parsons, their sermons behind them, of Marylebone Station bustlingly awake, of elderly men in straw hats as yellow as the harvest, of schoolboys filling in their score cards, of light, of shade, of slowly lengthening shadow, images of a mellow game which yet makes the world seem young.

These things cannot be deduced; and if Dr. Watson had ever written about them, he would have received even more acid comments than usual from Holmes about this pandering to popular sentiment. Perhaps they don't exist. Perhaps they are just images. If so, I will gladly leave public realities to Sherlock and stay warm and content in my private cricket world.

J. P. W. Mallalieu

Fleet Street Notebook

One of these days, maybe, some social historian will get around to a fascinating but so far little considered field of study: the choice of bait made by those tough, practical sociologists, the sales promotion managers of the national press, to haul in the crowds. Meanwhile, I pass on the idea to any student with an interest in human nature as disclosed by the ever present ambition to get something—but by no means always the same something—for nothing. This would be a good time to begin as the popular press, hag-ridden since Northcliffe's day by the menace of the net sales certificate, flexes its muscles for a new all-in wrestling match with the floating reader. The boys in the back rooms of the circulation departments must now chew their pencils and think themselves into the dream world of teenagers in Wigan, solid citizens in Bootle, and comfortable married couples in Streatham and Pontypool.

In the golden dawn of popular journalism it was simple enough. Then, as was appropriate, gold was the thing. Newnes set the presses roaring with a bag of sovereigns buried in a hole in the ground to which clues in a serial story pointed the way; Northcliffe founded his empire on an offer of solid security on £1 a week for life. In the early 'thirties, literature was the thing to attract readers, Dickens in blue and gold; with this went a side offer of insurance against all the ills that flesh is heir to—falling off a grandstand, death in a railway train, and twins—to give you

peace of mind as you settled down to a quiet read.

As the Thirties marched on and life became harder and grimmer the circulation managers adjusted themselves to the social scene. Now it was the offer of mangles and mincing machines, overcoats, boots and shoes, flannel trousers and children's outfits that gave the net sales certificate that glowing appearance so much in demand among advertisers. There was many a miner's family in South Wales that found it possible to clothe itself almost from head to foot by judicious switching from one newspaper to another, many a young couple starting life in Lancashire that fitted out a kitchen by courtesy of the *Daily Express* or the *Daily Herald*.

Lately it has been family cars on which the sales promotion departments have been putting their money: small, shiny, cheap to run, just the thing for that economical family holiday—and all for filling a form and entering one of a bewildering variety of easy-to-win competitions.

Now, however, it would appear, the social ethos is changing. That is the view of the sales promotion managers of the *Express* and *Mail*, which are at present in the lead of the fight for new readers because of the importance to both of them of defending prepared positions—in the one case a circulation of 4,000,000, in the other of 2,000,000. Dreams they have decided (and who should know better than they) are back in a big way among the youngish, middle-class public they are after: dreams of fast cars, steam yachts, champagne and music—and Sir Bernard and Lady Docker, no doubt, at the next table. Both newspapers have for some time been offering prizes of £5,000, which is quite a lot of money to enjoy yourself on, but both have almost simultaneously decided that something even more concrete in the way of conspicuous extravagance is now needed to stimulate enthusiasm for genuine journalistic enterprise.

Locking the family car firmly in the garage the *Mail* has moved into the super-tax class with the glittering bait of "The Car Everyone Dreams About"—a hundred mile an hour latest model Bentley in pearl black and shell grey—and £1,000 to run it on. The *Daily Express*—"With or without consent of friends or foes: We sketch your world exactly as it goes", it's leader column now advises us each morning—has put its finger no less unerringly on the social pulse as it beats, presumably, in the better-off suburbs. The way the world is going, or at any rate the way it would like to go, if it has decided, to the "wonder wedding of the year." And which is that? None other, of course, than the marriage of Miss Grace Kelly and Prince Rainier at Monte Carlo on April 18. The prize the *Express* offers to those so urgently needed to swell the 4,000,000 is, therefore, an invitation to the wedding "for you and a friend" as guests of the *Daily Express* (bride and bridegroom assenting, no doubt) with all expenses paid. But that is not all. Wedding guests have a position to keep up. In the bay a yacht rides at anchor—"your own private yacht chartered for a week" to live on and entertain in. And to top all, £1,000 pocket money to prevent you from feeling morally dowdy when the new friends you make come aboard. After these visions of splendour the *News Chronicle's* offer of £3,500 paid into your bank to start your own business seems a shade solemn and hum-drum. But as a prize it has the advantage of lasting longer—and no doubt even in these days there are still a few people about who prefer a solid meal at mid-day to a champagne supper.

The social historian may care to jot down as a footnote to this fascinating study, the interesting fact that, so far, the tabloid world is managing to get along very nicely without any prizes at all—glittering or utilitarian. The *Daily Mirror*, then at the beginning of the Bartholemew revolution, managed to increase its circulation faster than anyone else in the 'thirties while giving practically nothing away. It still maintains its immunity from the competition fever. Instead it has been content to hold its readers during these last few stirring days with "How Do You Woo?", a field study of the love life of the teenager which is quite a chapter of social history in itself—and extremely well done.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

The Arts and Entertainment

Revivals

"EVER in the rearward of the fashion," the London theatre has just caught up with the Berlin version of *The Beggar's Opera* by Bert Brecht and Kurt Weill, first produced in 1928. The English translation used, a rather clumsy affair, is that of Marc Blitzstein now running at a downtown theatre in New York. Between theatrical Berlin of the Twenties and New York of the Fifties there is undoubtedly—apart from Lotte Lenya, a member of the original cast—something in common: a slick, brassy, cynical zest. At the Court Theatre, things work out differently. Sam Wanamaker, in despair of infecting his mild English company with the savage irony and cabaret nonchalance of the original, has fallen back on a happy-go-lucky, semi-improvised style. This element was also no doubt to be found in Brecht; but translated into British terms, it comes out mainly as high jinks, fooling for want of an idea, larks, charades. The action plays in Soho at the time of Edward VII's coronation, but for most of the time we find ourselves at the end of any old pier or tagging along with ENSA: the performers try hard to be cynical, but Co-optimism keeps breaking through. The two actors who came nearest to suggesting the sordid humours of the piece were Maria Remusat as Jenny and Eric Pohlmann as a Mr. Peachum got up to look like a wicked caricature of Mr. Victor Gollancz. Bill Owen, as the flashy desperado Mack the Knife, was as alarming and seductive as Ralph Lynn. The Polly, Daphne Anderson, successfully put over her clever mock-sentimental "Bide-a-Wee" number, and Ewan MacColl, as a Street Singer, made the most of the Harry-Lime-like "Mackie-Messer" song which is the one really haunting tune in the score; the rest of the music, without the sharp tang of the German text and the whiplash whine of the German cabaret voice, sounded colourless and dull. In brief, Sloane Square seemed a long, long way from the Schiffbauerdamm.

The Music Society of London University College have followed up their last year's successful revival of Bizet's *Don Procopio* with the no less enterprising choice of Rossini's *Turco in Italia* in a neat English version by Arthur Jacobs. This opera buffa took some time to recover from an initial cool reception by the Milanese, who thought that they were being fobbed off with a mere sequel to the enormously successful *Italiana in Algeri* of the previous year. In a sense they were right, for the *Turco* is not the equal of the effervescent *Italiana;* all the same, it maintains a delightful flow of invention and includes some particularly brilliant ensembles. The plot, an interesting anticipation of Pirandello, shows a poet wending his way in and out of events which are more or less what he wants for his new libretto and need only a little judicious prodding to conform perfectly to the requirements of the stage. A comic climax is reached in a ballroom scene at which—for their several reasons—one female character disguises herself as the heroine and no fewer than two male characters impersonate the amorous Turk. The producer slightful muffed the rich absurdity of this Quintet by failing to secure absolute uniformity of costume either for the two ladies or for the three massive Turks. Otherwise things went reasonably well, and allowed one to see why the piece has lately come back into favour in Italy when played by Callas, Stabile and others (who have recorded it for Columbia). Marcus Dods conducted a spirited ensemble which had suffered less than might have been feared from the late arrival of score and parts from Italy.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Storm in a Teacup

WHEN Charles Froham staged *Misalliance* at the Duke of York's Theatre almost half a century ago it ran for only three nights. The critics generally dismissed the play as a sprawling interminable conversation piece and even Max temporarily laid aside his urbanity. "Praed Street, Sunday morning, and a not bracing, a blighting, wind" was how he summed it up. A neurotic cowardly youth, a man-stalking young woman, a caddish settlement-hunter—"all of them as destitute of hearts as they are of manners"—such was the staple juvenility of this new Shavian dissertation on parents and children. Even the comic bank-clerk failed to raise a Maximilian smile. "The fun in this scene," he wrote,

> is of a jarring kind. A few years ago an eminent tradesman was shot dead by a hysterical young man who was his illegitimate son. The murderer then shot himself, but was nursed back to health with a view to the gallows . . . the murderer, since he has been in prison, has made two other determined but unsuccessful attempts at suicide. One cannot imagine a more horrible story than this. Yet Mr. Shaw has sought to enliven his debate by presenting a farcical Whiteley and a farcical Rayner . . . I take this scene in his play as a further proof of sheer carelessness.

But in the theatre, as elsewhere, Time is the great healer; today Max's severity seems an unnecessary storm in a teacup. The mellow charms of "period" have softened whatever crudities there are in the play and Lionel Harris's present production at the Lyric, Hammersmith, it fairly bowls along—a light fantastic high comedy of recognisable 1910 types with any amount of sparkling dialogue and the least suspicion of a message. In spite of the formidable preface on the sins of parenthood that he annexed to it, this is among the least preachy of all Shaw's plays; in consequence it is both slighter and at the same time more consistently entertaining. The humours are sustained all the way: the bully is shamed, the predatory damsel mated, the clever cry-baby caught up in an aeroplane (Blériot vintage) by a Polish Amazon, the shabby misopatrist bank clerk rewarded with a brand new Mum. It is a Hans Andersen fairy tale in morning-coat and Norfolk jacket, a Betjemanesque idyll played out amid the Surrey conifers—and really nothing more than that.

The idea that there must be something more to the play since it comes from the same pen as wrote *Back to Methuselah* explains the dissatisfaction felt by several critics at the light-fingered touch that Mr. Harris has given to the present production. I cannot help feeling that they are wrong and that the producer's decision to take the comedy *con brio* but without getting over-intense about it is quite right and much truer to Shaw's intentions. John Tarleton of Tarleton's Underwear is no Undershaft or Captain Shotover but a plain Bradford millionaire with a library ticket

in place of a silk hat, and this is just how Mr. Roger Livesey so perfectly plays him. Summerhays, the urbane proconsul, is a plain caricature of Lord Dufferin and that is exactly what Mr. Alan Webb exquisitely makes of the part. The remainder of a caste that includes Miss Ursula Jeans, Miss Miriam Karlin, Mr. John Westbrook and the inimitable Mr. Donald Pleasence go to make this as brilliant an evening of high comedy as I have seen in the last twelve months.

JOHN RAYMOND

Manchester's TV

THE one programme that can be counted on in commercial television is the programme of shocks and snags for the organisers of it; and this programme seems to have been booked for an exceptionally long run.

Mr. Sidney L. Bernstein and the other intelligent and efficient men who surround and sustain him at Granada have done all they can to ensure a smooth start on May Day for their northern programme. They begin with two immense advantages: they have had more time to get ready in than the London contractors (and can, no doubt, learn from their mistakes); and they have really been creating a new organisation "from the ground up." Theirs will be the first television service in Britain that has never had to function in makeshift surroundings, in studios adapted from disused theatres or warehouses, with offices or dressing-rooms miles of draughty corridor away from the studios. Their six-acre Centre in Quay Street, Manchester, has been designed as a whole for its purpose by Mr. Ralph Tubbs (architect of the 1951 Festival Dome of Discovery); even the office furniture was ordered last week, down to the last ashtray; and—in comfortable contrast to Television House—the essential parts of the building will be finished and working some weeks before the first Granada programme is seen by Lancashire viewers.

Yet even this organisation has run into difficulties. One has been formidable indeed. In October, 1954, planning and budgeting began on a firm assurance from the I.T.A. that Granada's area would be the north of England, from coast to coast, with some thirteen million potential viewers. Early in 1955 it was intimated that two transmitters would be needed to cover the whole area, that the second of these (in Yorkshire) could not be completed until six months after the first, and that the initial viewers could therefore number only seven-and-a-half million. The whole market might have been accessible if B.B.C. facilities could have been shared. The B.B.C. is said to have been willing to share, but the I.T.A. would not allow the arrangement, for obscure technical reasons: as one Granada executive puts it, "They baffled us with science." So, to the delight of the manufacturers and the regret, presumably, of the Chancellor, large quantities of expensive equipment that might have been sold overseas have had to be bought in duplicate.

In a service financed by advertisements whose rates are based on the possible number of viewers, the sudden withdrawal of five-and-a-half million pairs of eyes is apt to cause some dislocation. London programme companies, with a catchment of eleven million viewers, charge just on £1,000 a minute for peak-hour advertising-time: thirteen million viewers would have enabled Granada, from the start, to charge £1,150 a minute (a gross figure, subject to various adjustments). As it is, until the Yorkshire transmitter comes into operation in the autumn, they have to make do on a mere £690. The euphemism is: "We rebate the differential."

These rates sound high to the layman; but Granada hope that quite small firms may be attracted by an inexpensive line in time-signals—only £50 a go. (A time-signal lasts seven seconds: those who already watch I.T.V. will know that that is just long enough for something to go *ping* . . . *pong* and for a choir of girls to carol "Sleep *swee*-tah, Bourn-*vee*-tah!") They are even toying with the idea of classified small-ads: the shopping-magazine type of programme might provide the legal precedent for this.

Granada's whole approach to television has been strikingly different from that of the London contractors: more philosophic, more methodical, and also more reserved in the imparting of information and the soliciting of trade. They are making no firm bookings of advertisements until March 1. At an advertisers' and trade-press conference in London last month, Mr. Bernstein was obstinately reticent on the nature and content of programmes: he said, in effect, that Granada's record in entertainment was such that a good deal would have to be taken on trust. Whether this coyness is tactical or, as it may well be, a genuine expression of a rational attitude, advertisers are said to be showing "a lot of interest."

A few details of programmes are indeed known. It is known that Granada have exclusive TV rights in the Zoo and its expeditions, and that they have signed up Sir Thomas Beecham. They are determined to use him "adventurously" and not to repeat the clichés of TV concert-programmes. Viewers might possibly, for instance, see him three nights running: on the first night, at home, relaxed, talking about the programme he is going to conduct (or anything else that comes into his lively old head); on the second night, taking a rehearsal (which may be the best television of the three); on the third night, conducting the actual concert. Granada are also radically rearranging the orchestra, "so that it doesn't look like a college group."

If they have a discussion programme, this too may be more adventurous than some of the existing ones. It would be interesting, for instance, to produce genuine, basic international arguments, with Britain in the chair. . . . Meanwhile, they say, "it's not good show-business to shout names to soon." Even established performers may not come up to the standards they are seeking to set up.

All this seems a good deal less unsophisticated than the rough-and-tumble of A.T.V. Granada have no intention, however, of living up to the character implicitly assigned to them in Sir Kenneth Clark's forecast of programme-balance in the network taken as a whole. They will not provide earnest ballast for other companies' fun-and-games; and it would be wrong to suppose, from the mention of Beecham and the Zoo, that the tone of their programmes will be recognisable "highbrow." Their real importance may be that they will in fact meet, for the first time in I.T.V., the Act's requirements of quality and balance; but they do not think that a dull documentary plus some middlebrow culture plus good popular variety make a balanced programme. "The trick, they say, is to lift all along the line." A lowbrow programme can acceptably contain elements more highbrow than most viewers would *think* they would like. They dislike cultural segregation.

The most difficult economic and artistic question still facing them—to be solved, probably, next week—is the question of their exchanges with other companies in the growing network; how much of others' programmes to take, how much of their can be given to others. The obvious advantage of this process is that it spreads programme-costs: it would seem sensible that all the companies should regard this as the object rather than the making profit from each other.

This and all the other problems could have been worked out in advance if I.T.V. had not been forced prematurely into existence by political pressure. The fact that it began last September is always spoken of, rapturously, as a technical "miracle": it was an unnecessary miracle. If London had waited until Birmingham and Manchester were ready, I.T.V. could have provided a balanced alternative service from the start, and Britain would not have been spiritually much poorer for the delay.

TOM DRIBERG

Correspondence

BALLOONS

SIR,—It is a shock that the NEW STATESMAN should so lightly appear to justify the sending of balloons, irrespective of size, number or lethal quality, deliberately across frontiers. Does a claim by one country of sovereign control over outside propaganda incursions into its territory really constitute a provocation properly irresistible to another, and is the presence of attached leaflets a valid passport for instruments that, however accidentally, may damage life and property?

In Czechoslovakia with a British sports team last November, I stumbled by chance into a young Czech air force officer in the corridor of our hotel—we were both hunting for the service room on our floor at the same moment—and found him white with anger at the destruction wrought by a balloon that had come down in the town the previous day and killed three people. He spoke effective English—having served in the R.A.F. during the war—and could not believe that the British people he knew were, largely, either unaware of what is going on or unconcerned about it. Many of these balloons are small and harmless, others extremely large. The timed leaflet mechanism in some of them, it seems, is for simple release, but in others it has a propulsive force, intended for dispersal.

No one suggests that any are *intended* to do damage, and no doubt the devices are planned to operate at height, but everyone can understand that when the numbers released by these American-financed agencies across the border are so enormous—400,000 balloons conveying 250,000,000 leaflets up to January 21 according to *The Times*—a certain percentage is bound to be defective and come down containing a still dangerous quantity of gas or with scattering-charge that goes off on the ground.

This possibility alone—as well as that of a faulty percentage of the larger ones drifting low on to aircraft routes—should be sufficient to forbid them. But, in any case, would not the NEW STATESMAN agree that, while the present possible exchange of news and views and visitors across frontiers is unquestionably desirable, a more promising line of its development in current circumstances is the extension, by *agreement*, of bilateral and multilateral exchanges on a reciprocal basis, such as was proposed by Molotov at Geneva, rather than this sort of arrogant and lunatic invasion of air space, which can surely develop nothing but deepened resentment and mistrust?

IVOR MONTAGU

LOONY LAYARD

SIR,—Mr. G. S. Fraser refers to Auden's lines "Of all the healers, granny in mittens, the Mop, the white surgeon, and loony Layard" adding "Mr. Layard, I discovered recently, is a Jungian psychologist." I write to say that at that time I had not heard of Jung. The inspiration to which Auden refers is that, derived through me, from Homer Lane. The alliterative loony-ness I cheerfully acknowledge to be my own.

1 Northmoor Road, Oxford. JOHN LAYARD

HIDDEN BOOKS

SIR,—Critic suggests that the reason why Mr. Peter Wildeblood's recent book is kept "under the counter" in bookshops is due to legal considerations. In my firm's three London bookshops it is true that Mr. Wildeblood's book is not always on display inside our shops but this is because the book attracts the attention of browsers who are not buyers to such an extent that copies become soiled to a point of unsaleability. But the book is prominently displayed in our windows although we do not always take Mr. Martyn Goff's precaution of placing it next to the works of learned judges.

24 Carlingford Road, Hampstead, N.W.3. IAN MORRIS

BOOKS IN GENERAL *REASSESSMENTS*

Churchill's *World Crisis*

In September, 1917, Second-Lieutenant Siegfried Sassoon, convalescing after a bullet wound, visited Mr. Churchill at the Ministry of Munitions. "Winston", Eddie Marsh had told him, "knows several of the *Counter-attack* poems by heart", and was eager to make his acquaintance. They talked of poetry, fox-hunting, and, of course, the war. At first Churchill seemed determined to provoke a discussion of the young poet's pacifist convictions. "There came a point, however," Mr. Sassoon has written,

> . . . when our proceedings developed into a monologue. Pacing the room, with a big cigar in the corner of his mouth, he gave me an emphatic vindication of militarism as an instrument of policy and stimulator of glorious individual achievements, not only in the mechanisms of warfare but in spheres of social progress. The present war, he asserted, had brought about inventive discoveries which would ameliorate the condition of mankind. For example, there had been immense improvements in sanitation. Transfixed and submissive in my chair, I realised that what had begun as a persuasive confutation of my anti-war convictions was now addressed, in pauseful and perorating prose, to no one in particular.

This notable glimpse of Sir Winston tallies exactly with the image that reigned in the minds of the majority of his countrymen up to the beginning of the late war. Today we have erected this great man, his life and times, into a political principle (unbending anarchists like Mr. Muggeridge would say that it was the only political principle the British any longer possessed). He has become the most deeply revered totem of our public life and it is embarrassing (and hard upon a nation that prides itself on its political prescience) to recall that twenty years ago paterfamiliæ of every class and political creed from Berwick to the Lizard were scanning the latest Churchillian foreboding over their breakfast tables and snarling "warmonger!" or, more genteelly, "that firebrand!" Thousands of Englishmen at that time would have echoed the speech that E. M. Forster put into the mouth of his First Grave on Achi Baba;

> . . . Churchill planned this expedition to Gallipoli where I was killed. He planned the expedition to Antwerp, where my brother was killed. Then he said that Labour is not fit to govern. Rolling his eyes for fresh worlds, he saw Egypt, and fearing that peace might be established there, he intervened and prevented it. . . . He is Churchill the Fortunate, ever in office, and clouds of dead heroes attend him. . .

And indeed, in re-reading *The World Crisis, 1911-1918*, that is one's first impression. How well, thinks the reader, this man loved the game of making war, how he revelled in the mysteries of high strategy. With what assurance, what smooth rhetoric, the orotundity of the great politico with the big cigar, he recounts these vast nightmare transactions of human flesh, commending the brave, admonishing the timorous, welding a four-years' chaos of smoke and blood into a disciplined narration of cause and event. He is seldom so eloquent as when he mulls over his own hypothetical grand stratagems. As he sketches his plans for aligning the Balkans behind the Allies, one can almost hear those tones of slurred, gruff persuasion that so mesmerised Asquith and "Jacky" Fisher over the council table in the early months of '15. "Roumania could restore the Dobrudja to Bulgaria . . . Greece could give Kavalla as a makeweight; and as an immediate solatium to Greece there was Cyprus which could have been thrown into the scale". Another big cigar dream is being born.

Tolstoy held that in a battle it was the private soldier and not Napoleon or the Russian generals who saw most of the game. Not so the Churchill of 1924. "There can", he writes of the Dogger Bank incident,

> be few purely mental experiences more charged with cold excitement than to follow, almost from minute to minute, the phases of a great naval action from the silent rooms of the Admiralty. Out on blue water in the fighting ships amid the stunning, detonations of the cannonade, fractions of the event unfold themselves to the corporeal eye. There is a sense of action at its highest; there is the wrath of battle; there is the intense, self-effacing physical or mental toil. But in Whitehall only the clock ticks, and quiet men enter with quick steps laying slips of pencilled paper before other men equally silent, who draw lines and scribble calculations, and point with the finger or make brief, subdued comments. Telegram succeeds telegram at a few minutes' interval as they are picked up and decoded, often in the wrong sequence, frequently of dubious import; and out of them a picture always flickering and changing rises in the mind, and imagination strikes out around it at every stage, flashes of hope or fear.

In the context of the Great Peace this book must have seemed almost a blasphemy. As Keynes commented in his famous review: "Mr. Churchill does not dissemble his own delight in the intense experiences of conducting warfare on the grand scale which those can enjoy who make the decisions"—but he added, "nor . . . does he conceal its awfulness for those who provide the raw material for those delights".

Yet in its essence *The World Crisis* is, as Keynes realised, a magnificent tractate of pacifism—in effect the greatest sermon against war that has ever been preached. It is one of the odd paradoxes of the first world war that it produced so few good novels and so much memorable autobiography. Who now reads *All Quiet on the Western Front* or the fiction of Henri Barbusse? Whereas books like Robert Graves's *Goodbye to All That* and Sir Edward Spears's *Prelude to Victory*, with its horrifying account of the Nivelle offensive, acquire new readers in each generation. Sir Winston's history, the grimmest of literary war memorials, surpasses all of them. It is a huge sarcophagus of a book, towering above the morass of 1914-18 literature like that monument to the French dead—surely the most terrifying *memento mori* in history—that rises so suddenly in front of the holiday motorist out of the bleak, windswept plains of the Marne. Like the hospital barge in Wilfred Owen's poem, Sir Winston's narrative winds Stygianly down the bloodstream of those four years, its pages filled with the gibbering of six million ghosts:

> I passed the day of the 18th in the French trenches among the sand-dunes of the Belgian coast. Here the snarling lines which stretched from Switzerland touched the sea, and the barbed wire ran down the beach into salt water. Corpses entangled in the wire were covered with seaweed and washed by the tides as they mouldered. . . . These dead had lain there for months, and the sand gradually gained upon them, softening their outlines. It was as if Nature was gathering them to herself.

The book is constructed in the form of a succession of episodes, "strung upon a fairly strong thread of personal reminiscences." In his preface to the abridged and revised edition (1931) the author wrote that he had attempted "to follow throughout the methods and balance of Defoe's *Memoirs of a Cavalier*", and his style certainly lacks nothing of Defoe's realism:

> On the evening of this day I witnessed also the hideous spectacle of a large casualty clearing station in the height of a battle. More than 1,000 men suffering from every form of horrible injury, seared, torn, pierced, choking, dying, were being sorted according to their miseries into the different parts of the Convent at Merville . . . an unbroken file of urgent and critical cases were pressed towards the operating room, the door of which was wide open and revealed as I passed the terrible spectacle of a man being trepanned. Everywhere was blood and bloody rags. Outside in the quadrangle the drumming thunder of the cannonade proclaimed that the process of death and mutilation was still at its height.

Like the *Commentaries* of Caesar, the book is partly a *pièce justicatif*—for Antwerp, for Gallipoli, for the convoy system, above all for the politicians' case against the generals. Documents are used tellingly: as Sir Frank Adcock has recently remarked in his study of Caesar's writings, a political strategist is not concerned to refute his despatches. In a massive and scarifying chapter of statistics entitled "The Blood Test," the ex-Cabinet Minister indicts the whole military policy of attrition on the Western Front, waged by the commanders on both sides—Joffre, Haig, Falkenhayn and, ultimately, Ludendorff, those bone-headed leaders of iron nerve whose serene ability to eat well, exercise themselves and get a good night's sleep in the midst of massacres unprecedented in history must remain among the wonders of human ecology.

Not that Sir Winston's fairness deserts him; as always, he is fiercely magnanimous; there is none of that spite and rancour towards opponents that disfigures Lloyd George's much inferior *War Memoirs*. He excels in those touches of *oratio recta* that bring a politician or a military chief vividly to life—Asquith, masking his decision that Churchill must give up the Admiralty with the hint of a reconstructed Government and a bland "What are we to do for you?"; Kitchener, paying a last visit of ceremony to the fallen Minister and declaring with bluff double-edged courtesy, "Well, there is one thing at any rate they cannot take away from you. The Fleet was ready"; Sir Arthur Wilson, intimating that the Dogger Bank hunt is up: "First Lord, those fellows are coming

out again." Jellicoe hoarding the Grand Fleet; Sarrail, the darling of the anti-clericals, endearing himself to the Chamber ("whatever dispute there might be about his military achievements, his irreligious convictions were above suspicion"); the "gilded wiseacres" at the Horse Guards who turned a monocled blind eye on tank warfare—such vignettes of Whitehall and Chantilly merge with a deadly irony into the maelstrom of the general picture.

The opening chapters—before the mobilizations, the *aides-mémoires*, the ultimatums and the carnage—have a John Buchanish flavour. The reader finds himself in that strange half-world of violence in conventional surroundings beloved of the author of *The Thirty-Nine Steps* and *The Power House*. One moment we are attending a garden party in company with the Home Secretary at No. 10, talking amicably to the Commissioner of Police. The next we are pitchforked into the ambiance of Ned Leithen:

> He [Sir Edward] then remarked that by an odd arrangement the Home Office was responsible, through the Metropolitan Police, for guarding the magazines at Chattenden and Lodge Hill, in which all the reserves of naval cordite were stored. For many years these magazines had been protected by a few constables. I asked what would happen if twenty determined Germans in two or three motor cars arrived well armed upon the scene one night. He said they would be able to do what they liked. I quitted the garden party.

And within a matter of minutes we are on the telephone reinforcing and arming the police and demanding a company of infantry from Mr. Haldane "for each magazine in addition." But these lighter period touches are all too rare.

"Thucydides, an Athenian, wrote the history of the war between the Peloponnesians and the Athenians . . . believing that it would be a great war, and more memorable than any that had preceded it." Though the comparison may sound inept to classical scholars, I believe that in this book Sir Winston has written the *Peloponnesian War* of the twentieth century. His narrative has a Thucydidean sombreness; it carries the same weight of implicit tragedy, of retrospective knowledge that a world of light and civilisation was to be doomed through the blind over-weeningness of men. Just as that earlier conflict marked the death of "the power of Athens in her constant activity" so the 1914-18 struggle meant the end of the European hegemony. It was the true Twilight of the Gods, a moral abdication from which there could be no return. The old Europe passed away in the firestorms of Verdun and the Somme. "When all was over," their chronicler wrote bitterly, "Torture and Cannibalism were the only two expedients that the civilised, scientific Christian States had been able to deny themselves; and these were of doubtful utility." "All my beautiful lovely safe world blew itself up here", muses Dick Diver in Fitzgerald's novel, as he stares at the hill of Thiepval. "*La Gare de l'Est*," cried the French poet, "*a mangé nos fils*". Those clergymen who so often tell us of the difficulties they experience in spreading the Gospel message in this gross materialist age, should ponder this book. Unconsciously, it is the greatest piece of apocalyptic theology written in this century.

JOHN RAYMOND

In My Fortieth Year

After forty they say it's the sunny Mediterraneans
The terraced rivery reaches
And the calm inland seas a man would be following:
Or show him but half a rose red city beyond realms of strife
And there will be his dwellingplace he'll never leave it.

But today we might as well wish for the morning planet
Hanging steep in the firmament, 'September Morn' Venus,
As hope to mellow gracefully in any dear vantage of the heart!
And either way, what comfort's to be had from sheltered places
Whiles ever we're at war with ourselves, both within and without?

Even so there are deathless moments and in those we live,
And I would sing of them and of them only—
Building the heroes epic on sorrow's stumbling action—
But Time the pirate boards me in sleep and on my waking
Robs me at will. O the tick tock tick tock of the clock.

My life will be gone before I know it!
Yes, and little enough to show for it—
Now, therefore, let me wrap my tattered cloak about me
And depart from firesides cosy with old men's reminiscences,
So be off with all far North or deep South explorers;

For after forty the high seas are more luring
Than ever before. More luring and compelling—
Despite repeated arrivals at crumbling wharves, and lost landfalls—
For truly at forty a man takes the high seas for what they are:
The Elementals against which, in battle, he finds his pinioned life's negation.

EWERT MILNE

Charting the Voyage

The Labour Government and British Industry, 1945-51. By A. A. ROGOW with the assistance of P. SHORE. *Blackwell*. 18*s*.

In 1951 the author of this book asked a high-ranking civil servant to sum up the achievement of the Labour Government. He replied that it reminded him of the voyage of Columbus in 1492. When he set out he did not know where he was going; when he arrived he did not know where he was; and when he returned he did not know where he had been. The reply did not satisfy Mr. Rogow, who tries hard in this book to chart "a voyage no less important than that which led Columbus to the new world," the first bold venture of democratic socialism.

This is an analysis of the work of the Labour Government, not, in the strict sense of the word, a history. Each chapter has its lessons designed to assist the new captain: at the beginning John Strachey relates its main themes to the present phase of socialist re-thinking; at the end, Mr. Rogow himself examines "the politics of stalemate" and asks for a reformulation of basic principles. It is against this background of log-books, charts and compasses that the book must be judged.

Six main questions are posed. Was the 1945-51 "revolution" (the phrase is the author's) a genuine revolution in that there was a substantial transfer of power from the middle to the working classes? To what extent did business groups co-operate with the Labour Government, and on what terms? When there was conflict between Government and industry, what form did business opposition take? Was the Government able to influence the structure, psychology and objectives of British industry? Was the empirical approach to social reconstruction—"playing by ear"—a satisfactory substitute for reform based on ideology or theory? Finally, does limited reform, by making conditions more tolerable, reduce the need for radical reform, and if so, how is a reform movement to remain both dynamic and popular?

These are all leading questions in 1956; most of them were leading questions in 1936. Only in 1946, when the journey was in progress, were they pushed into the background. The reason why Mr. Rogow's book is an analysis and not a history is that he is more concerned with these basic socialist questions than with the actual questions in the air when the Labour Government was in power. He recognises this himself when he points out that between 1945 and 1951 the social objectives of Labour planning had to be given second place and the attention of ministers and their subordinates was focused primarily on making Britain pay its way in world trade. There was little margin for experimental policies. He does not, however, devote enough attention to the climate of opinion between 1945 and 1951.

The great value of Mr. Rogow's book is that he is not afraid to ask the old questions in relation to the future as well as to the past. He comes to the conclusion that the main lesson of the years of power was the strength of business interests, which were increasingly tempted to resort to political action when the socialist programme took full shape. The steel dispute, in particular, demonstrated that some of the effective limits of planning were determined not at the ballot-box nor in the offices of the planners, but by the power interests of affected groups. Any new Labour Government, he maintains, would find that an attempt to push beyond the carefully marked frontiers of the Welfare State would be met with bitter and sustained industrial opposition. If it were to succeed, it would have to organise its public relations more successfully than in the past, to train suitable leaders for the "takeover," and above all to maintain and strengthen a few decisive controls, without which the economy can scarcely be said to be "planned."

It is doubtful whether the sort of action Mr. Rogow advocates and Mr. Strachey underwrites would be effective without a sizeable Labour majority, and even then the timing of legislation would have to be thought out extremely carefully. One of the problems of a social democracy is, as Mr. Strachey points out, that there is a certain minimum rate of successful achievement which must be attained if democracy is not felt to be a useless deception, and to achieve that minimum rate is no easy task. There is a second and counterbalancing problem, however, which he does not point out, that too rapid a rate of controversial achievement often provokes intensive bitterness which, in a democracy like our own in times like ours, may create more problems than it solves. The demand for too rapid a rate of change may, indeed, prevent a large Labour majority from ever being realised in relatively prosperous times. When Columbus leaves Transport House he needs a large crew, and he must surely be given the chance to embark when the skies are blue as well as when the weather is stormy. There is a very genuine difference of opinion between tacticians about his preliminary travel arrangements. Only one point is clear—and Mr. Rogow makes it with force—a new Labour Government must take as points of departure the mixed economy and the Welfare State and not the evils and iniquities of *laisser-faire* capitalism. Until we are certain just where we are now, it is scarcely worth while contemplating a voyage at all. Unfortunately, some potential members of the crew seem convinced that they have already reached the Indies.

ASA BRIGGS

The Prison Chaplain

Prison was my Parish. By BADEN P. H. BALL. *Heinemann.* 18*s.*

Not long ago Lord Mancroft, representing the Home Office, was telling his fellow-peers that most criticism of prison conditions could be ascribed to "the sensational stories by ex-prisoners which appear in the Sunday newspapers." Well, here is the autobiography of Mr. Ball, who for twenty-five years was a chaplain at Dartmoor and Wandsworth; and if Lord Mancroft missed it when it was serialised in the Sunday press I hope he reads it now. The Lords Spiritual, none of whom bothered to attend the last debate on prisons, should also study it, that they may learn the manner in which the message of the God of Love is being brought to those who lie in gaol.

The difference between Mr. Ball and all those sensation-mongering old lags who infest the publishers' lists is that, while both agree that prison lavatories smell to high heaven, the old lags think that something might be done about it, and Mr. Ball doesn't. Instead, he quotes a remarkable statement by Sir Lionel Fox:

> Prisons were not designed for those from whom this sort of criticism usually emanates; and while we should no doubt do better if we were building today, the normal habits of large numbers of the prison population still fall short of refinement.

When prisoners, coming face to face with the chaplain while slopping-out their chamberpots, apologised for the stink, Mr. Ball would graciously reply that it was all part of the conditions among which he had chosen to live and work. As a matter of fact, he seems to have rather liked Dartmoor, to which he refers as his little grey home in the West.

Mr. Ball's determination to be an evangelist rather than a social worker appears to have stayed with him to the bitter end. "From the beginning," he says, "I always discouraged a man from telling me what he was in for," but this does not prevent him from detailing, with a gossipy relish, the misdeeds of his more notorious parishioners. Nor did he flinch from his "duty" of persuading prisoners to confess their undetected crimes to the Governor, although it must have been discouraging when a murder thus revealed turned out never to have taken place. The reward for all these unpleasantnesses came whenever a convict, his face aglow with piety, affirmed his decision to follow a straighter path in future. These converts seem usually to have been blackmailers, confidence tricksters, false-pretences men and swindlers, who, in any prison, are to be observed clustering round the chaplain as thickly as bluebottles round a cow.

The Official Secrets Act being what it is, this book (which has presumably been vetted by the Prison Commissioners) is probably as near as we shall get to the point of view of the men who are in charge of our prisons. It is therefore of the utmost interest to study Mr. Ball's comments on various controversial subjects. On the three-to-a-cell system:

> While some complained of having to share a cell, many prisoners welcomed it . . . Sometimes it used to strike me, as I looked in on a trio in the evening, that their cell had almost a club-like atmosphere.

On the "cat":

> No, I see no point in flogging being abolished; it is scarcely ever used nowadays, except in extreme cases, but it can and does act as a deterrent, and is therefore not incompatible with a Christian point of view . . . As for the stories sometimes told of the sadistic pleasure taken in his job by the officer wielding the cat-o'-nine-tails, they are complete nonsense . . . Willy and Tim were full of gratitude for the officer who had laid on the strokes, for it was obvious that he had wielded the cat with a light, sympathetic touch.

On hanging, to which Mr. Ball refers as "this distressing operation":

> For myself, the toll that this endeavour (ministering to condemned men) took of my health and well-being is a price I would gladly pay again and again if by my efforts and with the grace of God I might help lead a man one step nearer to the Kingdom of Heaven.

And, finally, on the use of the birch:

> My knowledge of these tough young hooligans . . . is that the prospect of having their trousers taken down and the birch applied to their buttocks has a definite deterrent value.

The back of the book-jacket is decorated with a portrait of Mr. Ball, winsomely beaming through owlish spectacles. Behind him on his desk stands a wooden cross, but upon it there is no figure of the Crucified; the symbol of punishment and degradation is alone and unredeemed.

PETER WILDEBLOOD

No-Man's Land

Walt Whitman Reconsidered. By RICHARD CHASE. *Gollancz.* 16*s.*

Whittier burned his copy of *Leaves of Grass* and yet the ashes were republished. And though a classic author needn't be reclassified as such, Mr. Chase assumed us all iconoclassicists when he defiantly calls his work "an appreciation." Yet no one appreciated Whitman better than himself and he has always splendidly supported his own admirers. Moreover, those who cannot stomach what D. H. Lawrence christened "the awful pudding of one identity" will not find their digestion soothed by Mr. Chase or anyone else. The author's own intentions thus prevent his book from being a really useful one.

Mr. Chase's second alarming assumption is that his readers' taste must mirror the "deformed sensibilities . . . of the last fifteen years," and that "our agonised pre-occupation with the present" will prevent our understanding those glorious decades preceding the American Civil War. While it's true that democracy no longer seems so simple a practice as it did in the years between 1820 and '60, Mr. Chase should remember Whitman's own robust criticism of those very years, Thoreau's acid thrown at that very government. After all, Whitman hymned his country more for its ideal future than for the present as he knew it.

Mr. Chase's best territory is that no-man's land between criticism and biography; a portrait of Whitman's bungling father well explains the poet's persistent use of paternity as an image for chaos. Whitman's dislike of "division" between the sexes and the extension of non-sexual love throughout his poetry is logically related to his democratic emotions rather than to personal frustrations—a just and generous point. And it's good to hear someone say that Whitman often "resists identities" at those very moments when he claims to have clasped the most.

But when Mr. Chase turns textwards we need not follow him. His case for Whitman as a comic writer almost negates itself, for surely one principle of humour is selection, and much of Whitman's power lies in his positive inability to select. Whatever Mr. Chase says of Whitman may be said of most great poets: that he is flung into symbolism by his alienation from the actual world, and so forth. Mr. Chase wastes a plethora of paper refuting and referring to other critics; his prodigiously selfish book works out his own relation to Whitman without contributing to anyone else's. Of the American at large, Tocqueville wrote: "His ideas are all either minute and clear, or extremely general and vague; what lies between is an open void." Mr. Chase cites this passage with reference to Whitman although it seems a fairer reproof for Mr. Chase's own work. For such kaleidoscopic criticism—now in, now out, of focus—takes us nowhere.

NORA SAYRE

Week-end Competition

No. 1,356

Set by Peter Pastmaster

> Walk on air do we? And how!
> With the panther's pad, with his likeness
> Never did members conspire till now
> In such whole gladness . . .

The usual prizes are offered for an excerpt from a self-congratulatory ode on Mr. Auden's election to the Professorship of Poetry at Oxford. Entries by February 28.

Result of No. 1,353

Set by Buzfuz

Combatants in recent wars have sung of the distance from Tipperary or of hanging out the washing on the Siegfried Line. The usual prizes are offered for the words of a wartime song suitable for those participating in the Trojan War, the Battle of Hastings, the Wars of the Roses, H. G. Wells's War of the Worlds, or the Oceanian War in 1984. In present-day English, please, or Newspeak if preferred for the last-named subject.

Report

Grandiloquent war aims and correct patriotic feelings were really beside the point, and accounted for a good many of the casualties in a large parade. Irrelevance, irreverence, nostalgia, and a wry, deflating humour were the qualities I looked for, and found in a number of Greek songs.

I award two guineas to E. B. C. Jones, H. J. R. and Rhoda Tuck Pook. Also commended: H. A. C. Evans, Niall MacCarmaig (with chorus in Greek), P.M., and Allan M. Laing.

A SONG OF THE TROJAN WAR

If you join the blinking army, then you must be blinking barmy,
For it's tramp, tramp, tramp in the heat,
And Mother's darling boy, sweating on the plains of Troy
Has blisters on his feet.

Chorus: They can keep their bay at Salamis,
And their blue Piraean Sea,
If they send me back to Thessaly,
For by the hills of Thessaly
My Chloe waits for me.

We haven't had no letters from Corinth or Hymettus,
And the drink's as thin as the stew.
No one wins no laurels from other people's quarrels—
What's Helen done for you?
Chorus: repeated *ad lib.*

RHODA TUCK POOK

MY LEATHER JERKIN

A Song of the Wars of the Roses

My leather jerkin I've been told
Is 99 years, or thereabouts, old
It lets in arrows and it lets in cold
But I'm fond of my leather jerkin

If I'd got armour as thick as my head
And a whacking great helmet to wear instead
I might have a hope of dying in bed
As I haven't in my leather jerkin.

If I'd got a frock like a cardinal, Cor!
I'd understand what this schemozzle was for
And I wouldn't have to fight in it myself any more,
But I've only got my leather jerkin.

Still, my leather jerkin belonged to my Dad
He handed it over when I was a lad
And its all of the moveables ever I had
So I'm fond of my leather jerkin.

H. J. R.

1984. *Tune:* "*After the Ball is Over*"

Submarine life is drowsy,
Give me the deep blue sea,
Flying a kite was lousy,
This is the life for me.
Surfacing may be stormy,
Here it is bleeding calm,
Hoping there's life before me
After napalm.

E. B. C. JONES

Company Meeting

F. W. WOOLWORTH AND CO.

STEADY PROGRESS

The forty-seventh annual general meeting of F. W. Woolworth and Co., Limited, will be held on March 2 in London.

The following is an extract from the circulated statement of the Chairman, Mr. R. J. Berridge, for the year 1955:—

1955 can be recorded as a year of steady progressive trading; reasonably uniform from month to month, with good business in December. As a result new peaks were achieved by the company both as to volume of trading and profits.

Expenses continued to rise generally, notably in salaries and wages, which could only be absorbed by increased sales. Even the addition to the National Insurance contribution of 1s per week—payable by employer and employee alike—as imposed at the beginning of June last year—will mean no less than £120,000 extra cost to the company in a full year.

The new Rating Valuation lists give clear evidence of the substantially greater contribution to local rates that shopkeepers will be called upon to pay from April 1st this year. Assessments of your company's Stores have been raised in some cases to as much as five times current figures, and though they will be offset in some measure by reductions in the amount payable in the £, the prospect, as near as can be estimated, is that the company's rates bill will rise by £600,000 in the first full year, with further increases in succeeding years.

NEW STORES OPENED

During the year 47 new stores were opened to bring the total to 912 stores in operation at December 31st. Also, a number of existing branches were enlarged and/or modernised.

The experiment in Self-Service was extended by the year-end to 17 stores. Most of these shops were open for a few months only, so that it is early to draw conclusions. In some districts there seems to be hesitation to accept this form of shopping, but as with other innovations in the past there is reason to believe that initial reserve will pass.

Many existing stores need to be enlarged and brought up to date to give adequate display space for the wider range of merchandise available and to provide the best possible shopping conditions for the public. This must, however, be a long-term process. The Board of your company has planned to carry out this programme in the shortest possible time commensurate with the availability of men and materials.

At the moment eight new stores are scheduled to open by the end of February, including Kingsbury, North London, which is the last of the blitzed stores to be rebuilt.

SUBSIDIARIES: For the first time the accounts of your company are in consolidated form, in view of the Jamaican Subsidiary Company commencing to make its contribution to profits. For the part year's trading to June 30th, 1955—after deducting preliminary and organisation expenses—the profit was £2,525. It will be borne in mind that this first venture occasioned unusually high overheads initially; for example experienced staff from this Country who were needed for training purposes. The level of trading continues to be satisfactory and profits for the full year to June 30th, 1956, are expected to represent an adequate return on the capital invested.

SUPPLIERS

The range of merchandise displayed in the company's stores during the past year can again be said to constitute a new high standard in quality, variety and value. This has only been achieved by Suppliers producing the goods after close collaboration with our Buyers—often over a period of many months.

Net Profit before Tax for 1955 was £22,523,066 compared with £20,476,521 for 1954, an increase of £2,046,545. Profits Tax of £1,925,000 compares with £1,647,000 for 1954. The Final dividend proposed of 1s 10d per unit of Ordinary Stock is unchanged from last year.

At present the economic outlook is not as clear as it was a year ago and until the promised Governmental measures are known, some uncertainty will remain. At this stage then it is only possible to give an assurance that, though not without its domestic problems already outlined, your company's contribution to the Economy in its retail sphere will be to continue its policy of meriting in still greater measure the confidence of the shopping public through the merchandise values on the stores' counters.

Administration of War Production

by J. D. SCOTT and RICHARD HUGHES

Describes the planning and organisation of one of the greatest and most complex administrative machines of modern history.

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Nyasaland

LAND OF THE LAKE

by FRANK DEBENHAM

A new volume in the *Corona Library* series providing a colourful and accurate picture of this remote yet progressive member of the Central African Federation. 25s. (post 11½d.)

National Health Service

Report of the Guillebaud Committee of enquiry appointed to review the structure and cost of the National Health Service and to advise on a future economic policy. (Cmd. 9663).

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ENTERTAINMENTS

DUCHESS. TEM. 8243. 7.30. Sat. 5.30, 8.30. Th. 2.30. Tom Arnold pres. J. B. Priestley's comedy "Mr. Kettle & Mrs. Moon." "Rollicking comedy."—Evg. Stand.

ARTS. TEM. 3334. 7.30 (ex. Mon.), Sat., Sun. 5 & 8. "Darkling Child." Mems.

UNITY: Sartre's "Nekrassov." Fri., Sat., Sun. at 7.15. Mems. only. EUS. 5391.

THE Continental Club, 15 Baker St., W.1, holds Dances every Saturday and Sunday from 8 p.m., and has foreign language classes every Tuesday from 8.15 p.m. Unique continental atmosphere. For partics., write Secretary or please call at the Club.

FOR the dance with a friendly atmosphere, come to the Central London Fabian Society Dance at 6 Queens Sq., W.C.1. Sat., Feb. 18. 8-11.30. 3*s*. 6*d*. Holborn Und.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall. London Symphony Orchestra. Sunday, Feb. 19, at 7.30: Brigg Fair—Delius, Symphony No. 6—Vaughan Williams, Piano Concerto—Schumann, Cockaigne—Elgar; Edith Fischer, Sir Malcolm Sargent. Monday, Feb. 20, at 8: Overture War & Peace—Prokofieff (1st perf. in England), Diversions for Piano (left hand)—Britten, Symphony No. 7—Mahler; Julius Katchen, Walter Goehr, 3*s*. 6*d*., 15*s*. WAT. 3191 & agents.

ROYAL Festival Hall, Wednesdays at 5.45 (until March 7). Bach-Handel Concerts with Boyd Neel Orchestra, Thurston Dart and Ralph Downes. WATerloo 3191.

ROYAL Festival Hall, Sunday, Feb. 19 at 3 p.m. Barylli Quartet. Beethoven Mozart, Schubert. WATerloo 3191.

LONDON Choral Society. Royal Festival Hall, Sat., Feb. 25, at 8 p.m. Haydn: Passion (The Seven Last Words); Mozart: Clarinet Concerto & Vesperae de Dominica. Jennifer Vyvyan, Norma Procter, William Herbert, Kenneth Stevenson, Jack Brymer (clarinet), Hubert Dawkes (organ). Kalmar Chamber Orchestra. Cond.: John Tobin. Tickets: 12*s*. 6*d*., 10*s*., 7*s*. 6*d*., 5*s*., 3*s*. 6*d*., 2*s*. 6*d*. from Box Office (WAT. 3191).

BACH Concert. London Harpsichord Ensemble. Royal Festival Hall Recital Room, Sat., Feb. 18, at 8.15. WAT. 3191.

ROSTROPOVITCH. The S.C.R. present for the first time in England Russia's Finest Cellist with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, con. Hugo Rignold. Programme inc. Dvorak's Cello Concerto, Tchaikovsky's 4th Symphony. Sat., March 3, at 8 p.m., at the Royal Festival Hall, WAT. 3191. 15*s*., 12*s*. 6*d*., 10*s*., 7*s*. 6*d*., 5*s*., 3*s*. 6*d*.

NEW Music—Monday, February 20 at 7.30 p.m. in Arts Council Drawing Room, 4 St. James' Square, S.W.1. Wilfred Brown, the MacGibbon String Quartet, in works by Phillip Cannon. Arnold V n Wyk, etc.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1*s*. 6*d*. post free.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. New paintings by Richard Eurich, R.A. Recent paintings by Louis James & Michael Wishart. Until Feb 25. 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Graham Sutherland: Gouaches & Watercolours, 1939-51. Norman Adams: Recent Paintings.

THE Prospect Gallery, 13 Duke St., St. James's, S.W.1. Recent paintings by Kyffin Williams. Feb. 1-Mar. 1.

EXHIBITION of books on Physical & Technical Sciences from many countries. Open until Feb. 29 at Collet's Exhibition Gallery, 45 Museum Street, London, W.C.1. Wkdys. 11 to 6 p.m. Sats. to 4 p.m.

ADAMS Gallery, 24 Davies St., W.1. Paintings by Vanessa Bell.

TEN Years of British Architecture, '45-'55. An exhibition of photographs. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till March 7, Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats., 10-6; Tues. and Thurs., 10-8. Admission 1*s*.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Fontanarosa—1st London Exhib. Until March 3. Daily 10-5.30. Sat. 10-12.30.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Sculpture by F. E. McWilliam till Mar. 9.

VICTORIA & Albert Museum. Anglo-Jewish Art & History 1656-1956. Dly. 10-6. Sun. 2.30-6. Until Feb. 29. 1*s*., Sat. free.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: The Story of Pharmacy; Child Welfare Through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Mon.-Friday. Adm. Free.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. Ten Years of English Landscape Painting (1945-55). 10.30-6: Sats. 10.30-1. Adm. 6*d*.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Paintings by Edward Middleditch. Daily 10-5.30. Saturday 10-1.

S.E.A. Pictures for Schools Exhibition. Whitechapel Art Gallery, High Street, E.1. Daily, except Mondays, 11-6, Sundays 2-6. February 11 to March 4.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield Street, W.C.2. Drawings by Nigel Lambourne. 10-6 p.m. Sats. 10-1 p.m.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CENT. London Fabian Soc. "Nationalisation in Practice." A. M. F. Palmer, M.P., Wed., Feb. 22, 7.30. College of Preceptors, 2 Bloomsbury Sq., W.C.1. Vis. welc. 2*s*.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Tues., Feb. 21, 8.15. Illus. lecture on Revaluation: "Futurism," by Reyner Banham. Mems. 1*s*. 6*d*., guests 3*s*. Thurs., Feb. 23, 8.15, 2nd in Series of Discussions on Interiors, entitled "The Open Plan Versus the Cellular." Speakers: Lionel Brett, Stefan Buzas and Peter Smithson. Chair: Misha Black. Mems. 1*s*. 6*d*., guests 3*s*. Fri. Feb. 24, 8.15. Illus. lecture on "Baumeister, Modern German Art," by Prof. Will Grohmann. Chair: Reg Butler. Mems. 1*s*. 6*d*., and one guest only, 3*s*. Membership invited.

"NATURAL Healing on the Farm," F. Newman Turner (Editor: "The Farmer"). Mon. Feb. 20. Caxton Hall, S.W.1. 7.29 p.m. London Natural Health Society. Adm. 2*s*.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 *inclusive or a woman aged* 18-59 *inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order*, 1952.

LONDON County Council, Sedgehill Secondary School, Sedgehill Road, Lewisham, S.E.6. Headmaster or headmistress required for new secondary school for boys and girls with 13 form entry, opening September, 1957, probably to take up duty for preliminary planning in September, 1956. Head teacher allowance (1954 Burnham Report) expected to be approximately £960 (headmaster) or £845 (headmistress) making total maximum salary including other appropriate Burnham allowances (but excluding equal pay additions) about £1,850 (headmaster) or £1,575 (headmistress). Courses will include some leading to G.C.E. (all levels) and some in preparation for advanced studies in engineering and commerce. There will be deputy headmaster or headmistress with substantial special allowance, adequate provision for other special allowance posts and full-time senior administrative officer with secretarial staff. A person with high academic qualifications, organising ability and strong interest in whole field of secondary education is sought. Apply on form EO/TS10 (Sedgehill) obtainable from The Education Officer (EO/TS10), The County Hall, London, S.E.1. (TS10B for candidates who have completed form TS10 since December, 1954 and have nothing to alter.) Closing date February 25. (248.)

COUNTY Borough of West Bromwich Education Committee. Appointment of Full-Time Warden. Applications are invited for this appointment in a Community Centre which is to be developed in the Town in the immediate future. Salary equivalent to Grade A.P.T. III, at present £640 to £765 for a candidate with suitable qualifications, or equivalent to A.P.T. II, at present £595 to £675 for an experienced candidate without qualifications. National Scheme of Conditions of Service for Local Authorities' Staffs will apply. Full details of the post, together with forms of application, may be obtained from the undersigned and should be returned by February 22, 1956. J. H. Turner, Director of Education, Education Offices, Highfields, West Bromwich.

FAMILY Service Units has vacancies for social caseworkers. Resident and non-resident. Men and women. Resident salary scale £250/25/500 plus full board and residence. Special training provided. Units at present operating in eleven areas and further development planned. Further details from the Secretary, 25 St. Mary's Grove, N.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LONDON County Council. Robert Blair Fellowship in Applied Science and Technology. Applications are invited for the award of the Robert Blair Fellowship tenable for one year of advanced study or research abroad in applied science and technology. The value of the award is subject to variation, and, if the country selected should be Canada or the U.S.A. may be £2,000, subject to income tax. Candidates must be British subjects and at least 21 years of age. Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Education Officer (EO.WA/14), The County Hall, S.E.1 (s.a.e. foolscap), for return by March 1, 1956 (92.)

COLONIAL Welfare. Vacancy for social worker (male) for Colonial welfare work in Liverpool, temporary with prospect of permanency. Must have good knowledge of Social Services and conditions and be able to deal with personal problems of colonials especially from West Indies and West Africa. Salary according to qualifications and experience, approximately £750. Applications in writing with full details and names of two refs., to: Secretary, Liverpool Personal Service Society, 34 Stanley St., Liverpool 1.

WARDEN required for newly established Community Centre at Kingswinford, South Staffordshire. Salary on scale £560 to £670 per annum (plus superannuation). Commencing point on scale according to qualifications and experience. Previous experience in Community Centre administration or social work of a similar nature desirable. Particulars and application forms from The National Council of Social Service, 19 Calthorpe Road, Birmingham, 15.

KENT Education Committee. Resident Supervisor (male) required at Seabrook Lodge Boarding Special School, Hythe (96 educationally subnormal boys, 8-16 years). Salary £395×£15—£455. Board, lodging and laundry provided free of charge in return for extraneous duties. Applications with two recent testimonials and names of two referees to Divisional Education Officer, 3 Shorncliffe Road, Folkestone.

ANIMAL protection society requires secretary (male). Writing, lecturing and organising ability essen. Apply, stating particulars and commencing sal. reqd., Box 2953.

NORWICH Labour Party invites applications for Secretary-Agent. Appointment in accordance with National Agreement—Grade II rate of pay. Forms (from Joe Stirling, 59 Bethel St., Norwich) must be returned by March 3.

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